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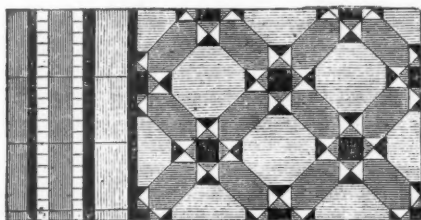
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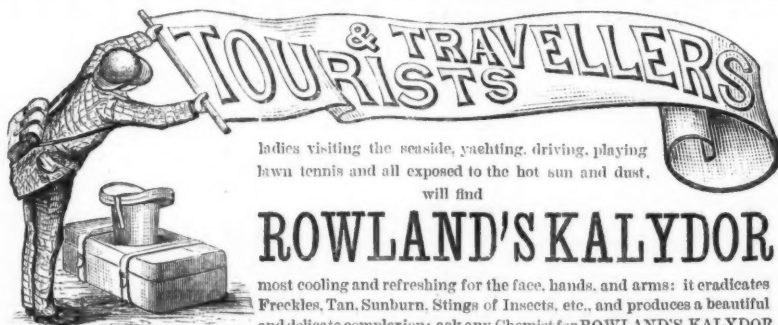
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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XI. MONTE CARLO.

TOWARDS the end of September, while the weather was so hot as to keep away from the south of France all but very determined travellers, an English gentleman, not very beautiful in his outward appearance, was sauntering about the great hall of the gambling-house at Monte Carlo, in the kingdom or principality of Monaco, the only gambling-house now left in Europe in which idle men of a speculative nature may yet solace their hours with some excitement. Nor is the amusement denied to idle ladies, as might be seen by two or three highly-dressed habituées who at this moment were depositing their shawls and parasols with the porters. The clock was on the stroke of eleven, when the gambling-room would be open, and the amusement was too rich in its nature to allow of the loss of even a few minutes. But this gentleman was not an habitué, nor was he known even by name to any of the small crowd that was then assembled. But it was known to many of them that he had had a great "turn of luck" on the preceding day, and had walked off from the "rouge-et-noir" table with four or five hundred pounds.

The weather was still so hot that but few Englishmen were there, and the play had not as yet begun to run high. There were only two or three—men who cannot keep their hands from ruin when ruin is open to them. To them heat and cold, the dog-star or twenty degrees below zero, make no difference while the croupier is there with his rouleaux before him, capable of turning up the card. They know that the chance is against them—one in twenty,

let us say—and that in the long run one in twenty is as good as two to one to effect their ruin. For a day they may stand against one in twenty, as this man had done. For two or three days, for a week, they may possibly do so; but they know that the doom must come at last—as it does come invariably—and they go on. But our friend, the Englishman who had won the money, was not such a one as these, at any rate in regard to Monaco. Yesterday had been his first appearance, and he had broken ground there with great success. He was an ill-looking person, poorly clad—what, in common parlance, we should call seedy. He had not a scrap of beard on his face, and though swarthy and dark as to his countenance, was light as to his hair, which hung in quantities down his back. He was dressed from head to foot in a suit of cross-barred light-coloured tweed, of which he wore the coat buttoned tight over his chest, as though to hide some deficiency of linen. The gentleman was altogether a disreputable-looking personage, and they who had seen him win his money—Frenchmen and Italians for the most part—had declared among themselves that his luck had been most miraculous. It was observed that he had a companion with him, who stuck close to his elbow, and it was asserted that this companion continually urged him to leave the room. But as long as the croupier remained at the table, he remained, and continued to play through the day with almost invariable luck. It was surmised among the gamblers there that he had not entered the room with above twenty or thirty pieces in his pocket, and that he had taken away with him, when the place was closed, six hundred napoleons. "Look there; he has come again to give it all back to Madame

Blanc, with interest," said a Frenchman to an Italian.

"Yes; and he will end by blowing his brains out within a week. He is just the man to do it."

"These Englishmen always rush at their fate like mad bulls," said the Frenchman. "They get less distraction for their money than anyone."

"Che va piano va sano," said the Italian, jingling the four napoleons in his pocket which had been six on yesterday morning. Then they sauntered up to the Englishman, and both of them touched their hats to him. The Englishman just acknowledged the compliment, and walked off with his companion, who was still whispering something into his ear.

"It is a gendarme who is with him, I think," said the Frenchman, "only the man does not walk erect."

Who does not know the outside hall of the magnificent gambling-house at Monte Carlo, with all the golden splendour of its music-room within? Who does not know the lofty roof and lounging seats, with all its luxuries of liveried servants, its wealth of newspapers, and every appanage of costly comfort which can be added to it? And its music within—who does not know that there are to be heard sounds in a greater perfection of orchestral melody than are to be procured by money and trouble combined in the great capitals of Europe? Think of the trouble endured by those unhappy fathers of families who indulge their wives and daughters at the Philharmonic and St. James's Hall! Think of the horrors of our theatres, with their hot gas, and narrow passages, and difficulties of entrance, and almost impossibility of escape! And for all this money has to be paid—high prices—and the day has to be fixed long beforehand, so that the tickets may be secured, and the daily feast—papa's too often solitary enjoyment—has to be turned into a painful early fast. And when at last the thing has been done, and the torment endured, the sounds heard have not always been good of their kind, for the money has not sufficed to purchase the aid of a crowd of the best musicians. But at Monte Carlo you walk in with your wife in her morning costume, and seating yourself luxuriously in one of those soft stalls which are there prepared for you, you give yourself up with perfect ease to absolute enjoyment. For two hours the concert lasts, and all around is perfection and gilding. There is nothing to annoy

the most fastidious taste. You have not heated yourself with fighting your way up crowded stairs; no box-keeper has asked you for a shilling. No linkboy has dunned you because he has stood useless for a moment at the door of your carriage. No panic has seized you and still oppresses you because of the narrow dimensions in which you have to seat yourself for the next three hours. There are no twenty minutes during which you are doomed to sit in miserable expectation. Exactly at the hour named the music begins, and for two hours it is your own fault if you be not happy. A railway carriage has brought you to steps leading up to the garden in which these princely halls are built, and when the music is over will again take you home. Nothing can be more perfect than the concert-room at Monte Carlo, and nothing more charming; and for all this there is nothing whatever to pay.

But by whom—out of whose pocket are all these good things provided? They tell you at Monte Carlo that from time to time are to be seen men walking off in the dark of the night, or the gloom of the evening, or for the matter of that in the broad light of day, if the stern necessity of the hour require it, with a burden among them, to be deposited where it may not be seen or heard of any more. They are carrying away "all that mortal remains" of one of the gentlemen who have paid for your musical entertainment. He has given his all for the purpose, and has then—blown his brains out. It is one of the disagreeable incidents to which the otherwise extremely pleasant money-making operations of the establishment are liable. Such accidents will happen. A gambling-house, the keeper of which is able to maintain the royal expense of the neighbouring court out of his winnings, and also to keep open for those who are not ashamed to accept it—gratis, all for love—a concert-room brilliant with gold, filled with the best performers whom the world can furnish, and comfortable beyond all opera-houses known to men, must be liable to a few such misfortunes. Who is not ashamed to accept it, I have said, having lately been there and thoroughly enjoyed myself! But I did not put myself in the way of having to cut my throat, on which account I felt, as I came out, that I had been somewhat shabby. I was ashamed in that I had not put a few napoleons down on the table. Conscience had prevented me,

and a wish to keep my money! But should not conscience have kept me away from all that happiness for which I had not paid? I had not thought of it before I went to Monte Carlo, but I am inclined now to advise others to stay away, or else to put down half-a-napoleon at any rate as the price of a ticket. The place is not overcrowded, because the conscience of many is keener than was mine.

We ought to be grateful to the august sovereign of Monaco in that he enabled an enterprising individual to keep open for us in so brilliant a fashion the last public gambling-house in Europe. The principality is but large enough to contain the court of the sovereign which is held in the little town of Monaco, and the establishment of the last of legitimate gamblers which is maintained at Monte Carlo. If the report of the world does not malign the prince he lives, as does the gambler, out of the spoil taken from the gamblers. He is to be seen in his royal carriage going forth with his royal consort—and very royal he looks! His little teacup of a kingdom, or rather a roll of French bread, for it is crusty and picturesque—is now surrounded by France. There is Nice away to the west, and Mentone to the east, and the whole kingdom lies within the compass of a walk. Mentone, in France, at any rate is within five miles of the monarch's residence. How happy it is that there should be so blessed a spot left in tranquility on the earth's surface!

But on the present occasion Monte Carlo was not in all its grandeur because of the heat of the weather. Another month, and English lords, and English Members of Parliament, and English barristers would be there—all men for instance who could afford to be indifferent as to their character for a month—and the place would be quite alive with music, cards, and dice. At present men of business only flocked to its halls, eagerly intent on making money, though, alas! almost all doomed to lose it. But our one friend with the long light locks was impatient for the fray. The gambling-room had now been opened, and the servants of the table, less impatient than he, were slowly arranging their money and their cards. Our friend had taken his seat, and was already resolving, with his eyes fixed on the table, where he would make his first plunge. In his right hand was a bag of gold, and under his left hand were hidden the twelve napoleons

with which he intended to commence. On yesterday he had gone through his day's work by twelve, though on one or two occasions he had plunged deeply. It had seemed to this man as though a new heaven had been opened to him, as of late he had seen little of luck in this world. The surmises made as to the low state of his funds when he entered the room had been partly true; but time had been when he was able to gamble in a more costly fashion even than here, and to play among those who had taken his winnings and losings simply as a matter of course.

And now the game had begun, and the twelve napoleons were duly deposited. Again he won his stake, an omen for the day, and was exultant. A second twelve, and a third were put down, and on each occasion he won. In the silly imagination of his heart he declared to himself that the calculation of all chances was as nothing against his run of luck. Here was the spot on which it was destined that he should redeem all the injury which fortune had done him. And in truth this man had been misused by fortune. His companion whispered in his ear, but he heard not a word of it. He increased the twelve to fifteen, and again won. As he looked round there was a halo of triumph which seemed to illuminate his face. He had chained chance to his chariot-wheel and would persevere now that the good time had come. What did he care for the creature at his elbow? He thought of all the good things which money could again purchase for him as he carefully fingered the gold for the next stake. He had been rich, though he was now poor; though how could a man be accounted poor who had an endless sum of six hundred napoleons in his pocket, a sum which was, in truth, endless, while it could be so rapidly recruited in this fashion? The next stake he also won, but as he raked all the pieces which the croupier pushed towards him, his mind had become intent on another sphere and on other persons. Let him win what he might, his old haunts were now closed against him. What good would money do him, living such a life as he must now be compelled to pass? As he thought of this the five-and-twenty napoleons on the table were taken away from him almost without consciousness on his part.

At that moment there came a voice in his ear, not the voice of his attending friend, but one of which he accurately



knew the lisping fiendish sound, "Ah, Captain Scarborough, I thought it was possible you might be here. Dis ish a very nice place." Our friend looked round and glared at the man, and felt that it was impossible that his occupation should be continued under his eyes. "Yesh; it was likely. How do you like Monte Carlo? You have plenty of money—plenty!" The man was small, and oily, and black-haired, and beaky-nosed, with a perpetual smile on his face, unless when on special occasions he would be moved to the expression of deep anger. Of the modern Hebrews a most complete Hebrew; but a man of purpose who never did things by halves, who could count upon good courage within, and who never allowed himself to be foiled by misadventure. He was one who, beginning with nothing, was determined to die a rich man, and was likely to achieve his purpose. Now there was no gleam of anger on his face, but a look of invincible good humour, which was not, however, quite good humour when you came to examine it closely.

"Oh, that is you, is it, Mr. Hart?"

"Yesh; it is me. I have followed you. Oh, I have had quite a pleasant tour following you. But ven I got my noshe once on to the schent, then I was sure it was Monte Carlo. And it ish Monte Carlo; eh, Captain Scarborough?"

"Yes; of course it is Monte Carlo. That is to say, Monte Carlo is the place where we are now. I don't know what you mean by running on in that way." Then he drew back from the table, Mr. Hart following close behind him, and his attendant at a further distance behind him. As he went he remembered that he had slightly increased the six hundred napoleons of yesterday, and that the money was still in his own possession. Not all the Jews in London could touch the money while he kept it in his pocket.

"Who ish dat man there?" asked Mr. Hart.

"What can that be to you?"

"He seems to follow you pretty close."

"Not so close as you do, by George; and perhaps he has something to get by it, which you haven't."

"Come, come, come! If he have more to get than I, he mush be pretty deep. There is Mishter Tyrrwhit. No one have more to get than I, only Mishter Tyrrwhit. Vy, Captain Scarborough, the little game you wash playing there, which wash a very pretty little game, is as nothing to my game wish

you. When you see the money down, on the table there, it seems to be mush, because the gold glitters; but it is as nothing to my little game where the gold does not glitter, because it is pen and ink. A pen and ink soon writes ten thousand pounds. But you think mush of it when you win two hundred pounds at roulette."

"I think nothing of it," said our friend Captain Scarborough.

"And it goes into your pocket to give champagne to the ladies instead of paying your debts to the poor fellows who have supplied you for so long with all de money."

All this occurred in the gambling-house at a distance from the table, but within hearing of that attendant who still followed the player. These moments were moments of misery to the captain in spite of the bank-notes for six hundred napoleons which were still in his breast-coat pocket. And they were not made lighter by the fact that all the words spoken by the Jew were overheard by the man who was supposed to be there in the capacity of his servant. But the man, as it seemed, had a mission to fulfil, and was the captain's master as well as servant. "Mr. Hart," said Captain Scarborough, repressing the loudness of his words as far as his rage would admit him; but still speaking so as to attract the attention of some of those round him, "I do not know what good you propose to yourself by following me in this manner. You have my bonds, which are not even payable till my father's death."

"Ah, there you are very much mistaken."

"And are then only payable out of the property to which I believed myself to be heir when the money was borrowed."

"You are still de heir—de heir to Tretton. There is not a shadow of a doubt as to that."

"I hope when the time comes," said the captain, "you'll be able to prove your words."

"Of course we shall prove dem. Why not? Your father and your brother are very clever shentlemen, I think, but they will not be more clever than Mishter Samuel Hart. Mr. Tyrrwhit also is a clever man. Perhaps he understands your father's way of doing business. Perhaps it is all right with Mr. Tyrrwhit. It shall be all right with me too, I swear it. When will you come back to London, Captain Scarborough?"

Then there came an angry dispute in the



gambling-room, during which Mr. Hart by no means strove to repress his voice. Captain Scarborough asserted his rights as a free agent, declaring himself capable, as far as the law was concerned, of going wherever he pleased without reference to Mr. Hart; and told that gentleman that any interference on his part would be regarded as an impertinence. "But my money—my money, which you must pay this minute, if I please to demand it."

"You did not lend me five-and-twenty thousand pounds without security."

"It is forty-five—now, at this moment."

"Take it, get it; go and put it in your pocket. You have a lot of writings; turn them into cash at once. Take them to any other Jew in London and sell them. See if you can get your five-and-twenty thousand pounds for them—or twenty-five thousand shillings. You certainly cannot get five-and-twenty pence for them here, though you had all the police of this royal kingdom to support you. My father says that the bonds I gave you are not worth the paper on which they were written. If you are cheated, so have I been. If he has robbed you, so has he me. But I have not robbed you, and you can do nothing to me."

"I will stick to you like beeswax," said Mr. Hart, while the look of good humour left his countenance for a moment. "Like beeswax! You shall not escape me again."

"You will have to follow me to Constantinople then."

"I will follow you to the devil."

"You are likely to go before me there. But for the present I am off to Constantinople, from whence I intend to make an extended tour to Mount Caucasus, and then into Thibet. I shall be very glad of your company, but cannot offer to pay the bill. When you and your companions have settled yourselves comfortably at Tretton, I shall be happy to come and see you there. You will have to settle the matter first with my younger brother, if I may make bold to call that well-born gentleman my brother at all. I wish you a good-morning, Mr. Hart." Upon that he walked out into the hall and thence down the steps into the garden in front of the establishment, his own attendant following him.

Mr. Hart also followed him, but did not immediately seek to renew the conversation. If he meant to show any sign of keeping his threat and of sticking to the captain like beeswax, he must show his purpose at once. The captain for a time

walked round the little enclosure in earnest conversation with the attendant, and Mr. Hart stood on the steps watching them. Play was over, at any rate for that day, as far as the captain was concerned.

"Now, Captain Scarborough, don't you think you've been very rash?" said the attendant.

"I think I've got six hundred and fifty napoleons in my pocket, instead of waiting to get them in driblets from my brother."

"But if he knew that you had come here, he would withdraw them altogether. Of course, he will know now. That man will be sure to tell him. He will let all London know. Of course, it would be so when you came to a place of such common resort as Monte Carlo."

"Common resort! Do you believe he came here as to a place of common resort? Do you think that he had not tracked me out, and would not have done so whether I had gone to Melbourne, or New York, or St. Petersburg? But the wonder is that he should spend his money in such a vain pursuit."

"Ah, captain, you do not know what is vain and what is not. It is your brother's pleasure that you should be kept in the dark for a time."

"Hang my brother's pleasure! Why am I to follow my brother's pleasure?"

"Because he will allow you an income. He will keep a coat on your back and a hat on your head, and supply meat and wine for your needs." Here Captain Scarborough jingled the loose napoleons in his trousers' pocket. "Oh, yes, that is all very well, but it will not last for ever. Indeed it will not last for a week unless you leave Monte Carlo."

"I shall leave it this afternoon by the train for Genoa."

"And where shall you go then?"

"You heard me suggest to Mr. Hart to the devil—or else to Constantinople, and after that to Thibet. I suppose I shall still enjoy the pleasure of your company?"

"Mr. Augustus wishes that I should remain with you, and, as you yourself say, perhaps it will be best."

## THE RIVAL ARMIES.

ON a midsummer's evening, grey and cool, the City in its Sabbath stillness seems to be plunged in restful repose. Bells are tinkling, indeed, and here and there some church-porch opens out among the piles of

silent deserted buildings, and some responsible-looking old lady in black silk, who looks like a city housekeeper, enters in a leisurely way, and disappears in the solemn stillness within. Outside the door, perhaps, there is a notice that information as to marriages, baptisms, churchings, and so on is to be obtained at such an address, but the notice strikes one as superfluous. Surely nobody is ever born in Lombard Street, and there can be no marrying or giving in marriage in those palatial mansions that all the week through resound with the chink of money-bags and the rattle of copper scoops.

All is tranquil in the inner parts of the City, with only an occasional omnibus that seems to have lost its way, and to be chiefly anxious to travel out of the enchanted circle; there are no bicycles even, to break with their rattling bells the calm that broods over the place. But the zone of tranquility, complete in its way, is a very narrow one, a mere drop of oil in the troubled waters of London life. Aldgate is crowded with people; tram-cars are arriving and starting; while the mingled crowds on the pavement are composed largely of foreigners; Germans of the Jewish persuasion, other Jews of uncertain nationality, Italians, small and smart, who are something in the plaster line, and big fair-haired Saxon sugar-bakers. Here are courts swarming with life, with narrow greasy entrances, and a stormy look within where every door-post wears a battered and warlike appearance, and gaunt women in tangled hair and general dishevelment seem disposed to offer battle to all comers in the very fulness of their hearts. Here is the home of the rough, who is, happily perhaps, not at home very often. He seeks excitement at a distance, seeking adventures in distant parts of the town, especially on Sundays, when with a band of kindred spirits, he offers battle to the lads of Lambeth Marsh, or gives defiance to the boys of Bethnal Green, infinitely preferring, however, a safe and easy triumph over some solitary victim who may be worth plundering as well as maltreating.

In a volcanic neighbourhood, such as this about Whitechapel, where everybody to-day, however, seems in a jocular and even playful mood, the tramway gives a feeling of security. The tramway-car is an ark of refuge against sudden floods of popular turbulence, albeit the men in charge, both driver and conductor, are usually of

a burly build, as if selected with an eye to their powers of "chucking out" refractory passengers. Not that any of us are likely to be refractory to-night; on the contrary, everybody is in the highest good humour, as we rattle along the dingy thoroughfares, and whirl round corners unexpectedly into fresh vistas of countless branching streets.

What a wonderful land is this London, and how little explored by those who live on its borders! Here we are in Hackney, which is as quaint and curious in its way as many a continental town we travel hundreds of miles to see. And Hackney church, grey, weather-worn, and almost sad looking as if pining for the green fields and bright sunshine of other days, like some old countryman doomed to end his life mewed up in noisy streets, and then the churchyard with its avenues of old-fashioned tombs and streams of people hurrying to and fro among them. These things and much more we see in snatches between the heads and shoulders of people standing up in the tramcar, most of whom are on their way to Lea Bridge, to enjoy the fresh air by the river bank, perchance to paddle about in the treacherous stream, or refresh themselves at The Jolly Anglers.

By this time we are far away from the head-quarters of the roughs and approaching the rival camp, that of the Salvation Army. Many playful remarks are hazarded by the general passengers as the conductor with an accent of subdued sarcasm, announces, "Now for Salvation 'All;" and we are landed at the entrance of a short street of new houses, at the end of which rises a stuccoed façade, such an architectural design as might be modelled with a box of German bricks, bearing conspicuously on its front in large blue letters, "Salvation Army—Congress Hall." In front of this is a strong timber barricade, guarded by policemen, and a crowd massed in front—a well-behaved crowd on the whole, but, to judge from a certain liveliness and impatience, not composed of persons in the habit of attending places of worship. There is a way, however, to the back which promises a nearer access to the scene of operations, and then it is seen that the stucco front masks a large rectangular barrack-like building, once occupied as an orphan asylum.

The bare yellow walls and long rows of dismal-looking windows suggest that it must have been a cold and comfortless home for the poor orphans. How many tears must have been shed, how many a

childish heart-break suffered within these gloomy walls! But they are gloomy no longer. Whatever the army may be in other respects, it cannot be accused of gloom. In the wide courtyard at the back there is the sound of music and song. A thousand people or so are clustered in an overflow meeting about a temporary stand, where a little band, of women mostly, are standing—pleasant-looking women, one with a musical face and a violin at her shoulder, others with tambourines, which they clash at intervals. A woman, too, is now addressing the meeting. Her voice has long given out, but still she is thundering forth her warnings in what is but a hoarse whisper at the best. Some of the crowd are impatient and call loudly for more music and less oratory; but they are called to order by the staid members of the crowd. "If you don't like it, you ain't obliged to stop," cries an independent member of the assemblage. And the general feeling is that the independent member is right. And then a young man takes up the burden of discourse—a highly excitable and nervous young man, whose limbs seem to work convulsively, while his lips are continually stretched by a contorted smile.

There is no great variety in the style of address. The arms are waved, often with such energy as to endanger the features of the young women on the platform, who take it all very meekly, craning forward as if they felt that a good back-handed blow would be a privilege, if received in such a cause. The pains and perils of the infernal regions are dwelt upon with much fervour. You do not hear much of the delights of paradise. The aim, indeed, is to frighten you completely, to shake you out of the crust of your everyday life, to stampede you into conversion. And as an encouragement, each speaker dwells on the particulars of his or her own conversion. "It was on the 27th of July, last year," cries one young man, as if that were an event that would take its place in the calendar. And yet the effect on the crowd is not very noticeable. The enthusiasm of the platform does not spread among the audience. Perhaps in the more heated atmosphere within the result may be more noticeable.

But it is no easy matter to get inside. "The great hall is crammed," says an amiable captain, in a sort of staff-officer's uniform. It will hold four thousand, and with all the passages and entrances crammed and

packed as they are to-night, there must be at least six thousand present. "Oh, it's a beautiful meeting!" cries the captain enthusiastically. "But there's the outside meeting, that's quite as beautiful." Still the general desire is to get inside; and every door is besieged by people who are anxious to get in. Now and then a door is opened to let someone out, and then follows a general rush towards it. But the inexorable way in which the door is closed upon the thronging crowd speaks well for the physical force of those who hold the gates of the camp.

Indeed it must be said for the staff of the army that if they bring great crowds together, and under dangerous conditions, they have shown themselves hitherto well able to manage them. Here there are plenty of elements of disorder, but they are met with a good temper and kindly feeling which are very effective. Rough youths scamper about and shout; but their noise passes unrebuked. "Shout away, my lads, only shout for salvation," cries a captain encouragingly.

Now assuredly if the army succeeded in subduing the rough it would deserve the hearty thanks of the community, and certainly its *modus operandi* seems more fitted to such an object than the forms of many settled religious communities. The influence gained by other sects is generally upon those who have had early religious training. With such the associations of childhood, the sense of possible happiness that has never been attained, the contrast between early innocence and peace and the troubled bewildered present, are all favourable to religious impressions. But the street-Arab who develops into the rough has no feelings of the kind to draw upon. Yet in his turn he may be touched by the familiar tunes of the music-hall and the streets—he may be captivated by the élan and sprightliness of the army, and having come to scoff, he may remain to pray—a very unlikely consummation it must be owned.

But perseverance at last is rewarded; a postern gate, opened to let out a small detachment of the army, admits us to the citadel. Here is the big hall, which is just the quadrangle of the asylum roofed in and provided with seats. The thousands of upturned faces, the atmosphere of magnetic excitement work strangely upon the imagination. Here is no eloquence, no skilful playing upon the feelings, no dramatic effect—all is rough and ready,

with a mingled noise of singing and praying, of cymbals and horns and loud enthusiastic shouting enough to throw any mind off its balance; and the converted seem to be in a perpetual quiver of nervous excitement. They don't dance, indeed, but they "jump for joy," which has very much the same effect.

In fact the scene is too exciting for a continuance, it is a relief to get out into the open air again, while the meeting within shows no sign of abatement. "Oh, they'll go on till ten o'clock at night perhaps," says a policeman, with that expression of good-humoured contempt, which is the attitude of the force towards the army. And there is a similar scene to be witnessed if one could be in two places at once—in a second congress hall by Camberwell Green, while very soon the war will be carried into the very land of the roughs by the adaptation of the Grecian Theatre to the same purposes.

And then the thought arises: Let us suppose all the roughs converted, and the army turning its faces to the regeneration of the middle and upper classes. The war may be carried on against many other things besides strong drinks. The army might set itself down before the theatres, or place itself in serried phalanx before the stands at Epsom or Ascot. Picture-galleries might be the object of another attack, for all forms of art are more or less open to objection from the Salvationist point of view, except such as may serve as illustrations for the War Cry. And with that all the clubs in Pall Mall might be placed under a ban, as more or less given to gambling and drinking.

All this is to happen when our rough is caught and tamed, but it is a difficult thing to lay hands upon him when you want him, although he often makes his presence known where he is most undesired. These Sunday conferences are hardly complete without some account of the gatherings of the rough; of his nightly raids and predatory descents, and by common consent the most likely place to find him in force on a Sunday evening was declared to be the Thames Embankment. It is a far cry from Lower Clapton to Blackfriars Bridge, but the tramway lands us in Aldersgate Street, and thence a walk through quiet deserted markets brings us to the foot of Ludgate Hill. The beauty of the night is a sufficient reward for the pains—a grey soft glow over everything, daylight still lingering, mingled with a silvery radiance from the

thin crescent of the moon, while the electric lamps seem rather to reinforce the fading light than replace it. And what crowds, what swarms of people, moving in dark masses up and down, while the roadway is almost deserted, and Blackfriars Bridge, with a solitary omnibus upon it, standing out against the sky, seems to lose itself in a dim mysterious void!

On the Embankment everything is perfectly quiet and tranquil—little girls wheeling home crowded perambulators, quiet tradesmen taking the air with their wives, the river at dead low water, a streak of brightness that catches the last reflections of the twilight, with black barges lying in the stream or lurking in the inky shadows; but not a vestige of a rough—not a sound to be heard, indeed, but the gentle patter of feet and the gentle ripple of the stream. The rough would seem to have given up the Embankment.

#### AYLESBURY AND ITS DUCKS.

At this blissful season the thoughts of healthy-minded youths and maidens turn naturally to—ducks and peas. Pampered Sybarites who love nothing in the proper season have been eating ducks for some time past, and with good reason, for, as my friend Mr. Fullalove Inwards, Q.C., remarked to me a few days ago, there is no other roast. In my innocence and ignorance, being a plain fish and joint young man, I said that lamb was good when roasted; also veal, especially the chump end of the loin; that a wing rib of beef was not to be despised; and that venison would come in with Ascot week.

F. I., as he delights in calling himself, cast upon me a pitying smile. It is evident that I did not know what a roast was. I had thought that I did, and that any of the excellent dishes I had mentioned came clearly under that designation. But I was quite wrong. The plain and wholesome kinds of roasted meat I had referred to were not, I was informed with a contemptuous smile, "roasts" in the technical sense at all; roasts, properly so called, consisting of the fowl or game which legitimately closes the carnivorous part of a well-appointed banquet on the lines laid down by the best French authorities, while the agreeable joints I had referred to were known to those skilled in the art of good-living as "removes." Hence, as my informant went on to explain, roasts are



scarce in the spring. When woodcock, snipe, and wild duck are no more to be had, and the season of game has not commenced, epicures cry aloud for "roasts." There is, of course, the roast which is generally good in France, and nearly always bad in England, to wit, fowl either in the chicken or fatted pullet form. But that light of the bar, Mr. Inwards, informs me that although English fowls, especially those called in the poulterer's trade "Surrey fowls," are as good as fowls can be, English cooks spoil them in the cooking by misplaced economy. "True," that worshipper of material delight will explain, "that you pay in Paris at a first-class restaurant from fourteen to eighteen francs for a 'poularde,' but it is perfect, and why? Because the cook has not spoiled the ship for a half-pennyworth of tar—I mean the fowl for the sake of a pound of butter. Now, we are extravagant people in England, but I always see people shrivel up when I tell them that the reason my roast fowls are good is because the cook stuffs them with nothing but the 'best fresh' butter, which, as it melts, serves to baste them withal."

Setting aside roast fowl, and roast pigeons, there is then no very delicate roast in April, May, June, and July, except the tiny quail, the guinea-fowl, not much liked, and the gosling, the latter being a very inferior substitute for the genuine spring bird, the Aylesbury duck, or rather duckling, for her spotless life lasts but eight short weeks. She blooms like a flower, and is cut down as swiftly. Duck as she is she knows not the taste of duckweed, or the delights of paddling all day in a duckpond. But she is not so evilly entreated as her poor and suffering but distant relative, the Strasbourg goose, or the hapless ducks of Toulouse. My friend Mr. Inwards is fond of asserting at all times, that he is not what he is pleased to call a sentimentalist on the subject of martyred animals. He would condemn hecatombs of unhappy beasts and birds to the torture to save himself one single twinge of gout, and he is not to be approached on the subject of *pâté de foies gras*. To him all such reflections are stuff and nonsense, both economically and gastronomically. "First," he will say, laying one fat and shining forefinger on the other, "the manufacture of Strasbourg pies is a large and lucrative business, which affords profit to a great number of persons; and secondly, sandwiches

made of the same are among the most delicate and elegant articles of food." These two arguments settle the question. The only comfort I have is to see the eminent Queen's Counsel eat a quantity of goose-liver over-night, and to mark the fishy look of his eyes when he comes into court on the following morning. I note that the liver of the martyred goose has sat heavy on his soul, or what serves him for one, and that marks of its feet are deeply impressed on his cheeks. The unhappy creature is avenged.

To come back to our ducklings, it may be noted that they are nowise tortured except in being kept from the water. The breeding and fattening of Aylesbury ducks is a special trade, for it may at once be owned that their reputation is not based upon an extinct fiction any more than that of the ducklings of Rouen. Everybody knows the story of the trial at Rouen, in which Alexandre Dumas, the elder, and Lola Montez gave evidence, one referring to Corneille and the other to the probably mythical Jeanne d'Arc. Joan, who, by the way, was in the English and Burgundian mind a witch, and in the Armagnac and French mind a martyr, and Corneille, have made Rouen famous in their own way. But as my young friend the Vicomte Lafleur Despois remarked the other day: "What, very dear, is a Corneille to a caneton—what you call crow to a duckling?" This reminds me that Caen is celebrated in England for stone, and in France for a method of cooking tripe; that Marseilles, associated here with white waistcoats and a revolutionary hymn, is dear to Frenchmen as the abode of bouillabaisse; that Troyes is the source of the chitterlings so much more liked abroad than in England; that Amiens has not only a cathedral and a railway-station, but admirable duck pies; that Lyons is famous for things fried or stewed with bits of parsley on them, and for sausages; that Bordeaux wine is only a little better known in Paris than crayfish cooked à la Bordelaise; that Arles is renowned for Roman remains, pretty girls, and those saucissons which are said to be made, despite the popular disbelief in those animals, of dead donkeys. My forensic friend has often hinted to me—but this is a profound secret—that he has in preparation a gastronomic map of the world in which towns and districts are coloured and marked according to their edible and potable productions, as the mediæval maps were marked with "anthro-



pophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Thus Bayonne would not be marked with a bayonet, but with a ham, like Westphalia, York, and Galicia, just as Göttingen would, like Oxford and Cambridge, be distinguished, not by universities, but by sausages; Cheshire, not by a cat, but by a cheese; and Aylesbury, not by a reference to the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, but by the figure of a duck of the variety peculiar to the district, large of size and long withal, spotless white of hue, flesh-coloured as to the bill, and orange as to the legs. For these are the "points" of the genuine Aylesbury duck. She must be absolutely white without spot or speck. She must be long and large, weighing as a duckling four and as a mature duck about seven pounds. Her bill should be long and broad, coming straight from the skull like that of a woodcock. It must be of a delicately pale flesh-colour, without spot or speck. Ferruginous soil or constant exposure to the sun will spoil the bill, at least, to the fancier's eye, by turning it yellow or afflicting it with spots. The deep orange legs are also a mark of the true strain. Thoroughbred Aylesburys have been known to attain ten pounds in weight, but seven is considered a fine weight at the age of twelve months.

The latest rival to the Aylesbury duck is the Pekin bird. She is nearly as large as the native breed, and "beautiful exceedingly," being of very elegant shape, with a deep orange-coloured bill and plumage of a sort of golden or warm creamy white. They are not so delicate-looking as the Aylesburys, but are quite hardy, and grow rapidly in popular favour. The Rouen duck has also been introduced largely of late years, and has been found in every way deserving of its great reputation. It grows to a magnificent size, quite as great as that of the Aylesburys, but its beautiful brown plumage is "against it" as a merchantable commodity. English people are prejudiced, or educated, in favour of white ducks, and prefer them to any other, even to the superb Cayugas with their highly-flavoured dark flesh. The natural demand for delicacy in ducklings appears to be completely answered by the Aylesburys, and this same demand also brings a highly remunerative price to the Aylesbury "duckers," as they are called.

To persons of an antiquarian mind it must be a matter of regret that an Aylesbury duck is not a creature of such ancient renown as the Salsie cockle, the Christ-

church salmon, the Salisbury eel, and other animals difficult and sometimes impossible to procure. It is only since a century, or long since the invention of beef and champagne, that Aylesbury has achieved its reputation for ducks, but the trade is now very great, and it is not uncommon for a ton of ducklings to be shipped for London on a spring morning. From the middle of March until the beginning of May they fetch a great price in the London market. As much as eighteen shillings and a guinea a couple is often obtained for very early birds; but the prices decline as the season advances, although Aylesbury ducks are never cheap. It has been computed that at least thirty thousand pounds a year is paid to Aylesbury for ducks alone. The system on which they are produced would appear to be capable of considerable development. All round the Vale of Aylesbury are cottagers who keep what is called their set of ducks in the proportion of about four ducks to a drake. These are kept in an outbuilding or lean-to of the cottage, and are looked after with some care. From these small proprietors the duckers collect the eggs, contracting, often, to take the whole produce of the season, from October to June, at a fixed price of three or four shillings a dozen, the price in December alone being sometimes as high as twelve shillings.

The river Thame, which winds through Aylesbury, and its affluent streams, are made beautiful by the numerous snow-white ducks seen upon the surface. All are marked, and at night are driven home, warmly housed by their respective owners, and well fed. The eggs laid during the night are collected by the duckers, who have a number of large hens of the Dorking or Cochin China breeds to sit upon them. Twelve or thirteen form a sitting, and the work of incubation is never performed by a duck, but always by a hen. This may appear curious and unnatural, but experience has proved that ducks are bad sitters, and are very advantageously replaced by hens. The eggs of thoroughbred Aylesburys are sometimes of a creamy white, and sometimes of the pale green known as *eau de Nil*. The colour is no indication of purity of breed or difference of sex in the embryo duckling. In fact, the colour seems to be an accidental circumstance, for the same duck has been known to lay both green and white eggs within a week or two. The nests for the hens are prepared in little hampers or cheese-boxes, in which lime or

wood ashes have been placed, over which is the nest of hay or very soft straw. It is very important that the hens should be kept quiet, and protected from rats and other vermin. The period of incubation is twenty-eight days, and during the last week of that time care must be taken to sprinkle the eggs daily with lukewarm water, which softens the shells so that, when the time comes, the duckling has not much difficulty in fighting its way out. This is an imitation of nature, for in the wild state the parent bird leaves her nest early in the morning, when the grass is covered with dew, and as she seeks her food her feathers become well moistened, and do the work which is performed artificially by the duckers. The tiny golden-hued creatures are left with the hen until well-nestled and thoroughly dried. If intended for the market they are not allowed to go near the water, and if for stock ducklings are kept very clean, and fed with special care.

The house of a ducker, who is generally a peasant or better kind of farm-worker trading on his own account, is well worth seeing. His idea of comfort is limited to an ordinary cottage, beyond which he has a little field for his fowls to run on, and access to the water for his stock ducks. His young birds are kept in sheds or hovels which must be protected from cold, damp, and cutting wind, or the young birds will die by scores. As soon as they are big enough to take from the hen they are put in pens, and very pretty they look. It is no uncommon thing for one man to rear four or five thousand head in a season, and I have seen as many as twelve or fifteen hundred together at one time. They are kept very clean and fed at first on hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine and mixed with boiled rice and bullock's liver cut up small. At the end of a fortnight they are fed on barley-meal and tallow greaves, mixed with the water in which the tallow greaves have previously been boiled. Now and then horseflesh is used, for it seems that the ducklings require some animal substitute for the worms and grubs which they would obtain if leading a natural existence.

This Aylesbury duck trade occurs to me as being of peculiar interest just now, as being first of all one of the little industries which can be carried on without much capital, and which yet help those who pursue them skilfully and fortunately to get on in the world. I know a ducker who owns his cottage and field, and a row of cottages

besides; but it must be admitted that there are good and bad seasons, for it may happen that a ducker may lose his early broods, precisely those which bring him a big price, and see his profits sadly reduced. On the other hand, if things go well, he reaps a rich harvest in early spring.

I cannot help thinking that now that pure agriculture has become a non-paying business, a greater development might be given to the poultry-yard. Properly conducted it must surely pay. If poultry-farms are successfully conducted in France and Belgium, it is difficult to see why they should not be in this country, especially when there is no question as to the enormous demand, nor fear of over-stocking the market. This is proved by the published Agricultural Returns, which show that while in 1859 we imported eggs to the amount of three hundred and thirty-six thousand six hundred and twenty-two pounds, and poultry and game to sixty-one thousand six hundred and six pounds, in 1880 we paid the foreigner in money, meal, or malt two millions two hundred and thirty-five thousand four hundred and fifty-one pounds for eggs, and four hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds for poultry and game, in which small account may be taken of the game, for the importations are very slight. It seems absurd that England, which in addition to the foreign imports, draws a vast quantity of turkeys, fowls, and geese from Ireland, should prove herself so weak in the poultry-yard. Knowing the dangers of severe and backward seasons, I am not proposing for an instant that gigantic Farm Yard Companies, more or less limited, should be launched to redress the balance. My idea is rather that where farmers' wives now raise a hundred chickens or ducks, they might, without any great exertion, raise a thousand. I know I shall be told that cheap foreign poultry is hard to compete with, and so forth, but I know that good foreign poultry is not cheap. Rapid communication has done much to equalise prices, and while corn is as cheap in Devonshire as it was forty years ago, and rents are no higher, chickens fetch more than twice the price that they did then, and new-laid eggs are worth from three halfpence to four pence apiece in London according to the season. The immense importation of "box" eggs, good for cooking purposes, from abroad, in no measure affects the demand for breakfast eggs which in country towns are barely procurable.

Easy to carry they are, like milk, sent to the great centres, and outlying localities are nearly starved.

That our ducks are not to be beaten in our own market is not more certain than that the finest and purest breeds of fowls are to be obtained in England. As we have not only Aylesbury ducks but the Rouen breed, the American Cayugas, and the Pekins naturalised in this country, so have we also the finest French and other breeds of fowls. All these may be seen at a poultry show, but to much greater advantage at Messrs. Fowler's Prebendal Farm at Aylesbury. In this charming spot amid purling streams and deep dark green pastures "is fancy bred" so far as the farmyard is concerned. Some years ago Mr. J. K. Fowler, not to know whom in Aylesbury is to argue oneself unknown, after breeding shorthorns, and giving great care and thought to strains of blood and theories of breeding, including the transmission of hereditary peculiarities as set forth by Mr. Darwin, found his poultry-yard gradually growing into a business. It is now one of the most perfect things in England. Not an engrossing thing, but as an adjunct to larger affairs, it is an affair turning over a considerable sum annually without fattening or killing for the market. Messrs. Fowler sell simply eggs and live-stock, and there is no greater treat at Aylesbury than a walk over the Prebendal Farm. Mr. J. K. Fowler has in perfection what Lord Beaconsfield called "the pride of the proprietor" in his delightful menagerie of short-horns, Berkshire-pigs, ducks, geese, and fowls. The whole is far more like a Zoological-garden than a farm, so great is the care taken to keep the different strains apart. It is split up into fields amply large for the number of fowls allotted to each, but divided very efficiently by lofty wirework. Little moveable houses on wheels, or stationary sheds protect the fowls at night and in rainy weather. The ducks have comfortable access to the water, but are penned off with the care which marks every arrangement in a place where purity of race is the one object sought for. The beautiful Pekin ducks, now a decided feature of the Prebendal Farm, were at one moment nearly rejected. They were sent to Mr. Fowler by a gentleman who had newly received them from Pekin, but the expert was very nearly sending them back, for their orange-bills and rich cream, or rather golden-tinted plumage seemed at

the first glance to mark them as deteriorated Aylesburys. His henchman, Baldwin, however, suggested that they should be fed before they were returned, and the result was that they were kept, bred from, and are the parents of all the Pekins now in England. Other Pekins have since been imported from America. Turning from these the eye is caught by some mighty geese—veritable swans among their kind. These are the geese of Toulouse, one of which attained the enormous weight of thirty-seven pounds. When it is considered that a very superb goose only weighs twenty pounds, the size of the Toulousaine may be accurately gauged.

The fowls—to begin with the aristocracy—of the game are various, and variously beautiful. The black-breasted red will yet bear competition with any bird alive, the Duckwing and Indian game are superb animals, and all are good layers, are perfect for the table, and would be good all round if it were not for their fighting proclivities. Where game-cocks are, none other can live unless carefully shut off. But they are beautiful for shape, make, and colour as the recently-imported Yokohamas. The Yokohama cock is of a wall-flower hue, with superb white hackle and tail, in fact is not unlike a silver pheasant. There is another pretty Japanese bird known as the Silky. This elegant creature is almost as small as a Bantam, with silky feathers like hair, and is a determined sitter, valuable for hatching pheasants and partridges. When first imported the Silkies had such black or rather purple skins that they were in no way desirable for the table; but fairer skinned birds have since been grown by dint of careful breeding. These are the red-faced Silkies, as quaint looking as their elder and darker cousins. Crève-cœurs and Houdans—the great "fancy" breeds of France—are in the next pens, and are remarkable for their weight, laying power, and beauty. The Crève-cœurs are beautiful and grand, if not so quaint as the Houdans who have a legal look in their pointed wig-like crests. The Plymouth Rocks are an importation from America, and in every respect are good fowl. Leghorns, too, with their beautiful leaf-like comb, come from America, and are not only great layers of immense eggs, but strikingly handsome, especially the white variety which, like all white birds, is prettiest on the grass. Black and brown and "Cuckoo" Leghorns are also handsome varieties, especially the blacks.

Minorcas, Andalusians, and Spanish come in for notice, and then a pause must be made before the dark and light Brahmas and the grand buff Cochins. White, grey, and dark Dorkings are in the next pens, and in the great open farmyard run a hundred or two of chicks carefully shut off from the silver-laced Bantams and other fiercer and terribly high bred fowl.

Away and beyond the Prebendal Farm stretch the Vale of Aylesbury and those celebrated Chiltern Hundreds, the stewardship whereof revives the ancient dangers of travelling when such officers were needed to clear the London road of malefactors. Aylesbury is also famous for other things than the Chiltern Hundreds. It was the steeple of Aylesbury Church which first gave the name to the sport of steeple-chasing, and the course rivals that of Wetherby in natural excellence, being free from "plough" and with good timber and water jumps. This was not actually the first cross-country sweepstakes ever run. A notable race had taken place at St. Albans, but the name "steeple-chase" comes, I apprehend, from Aylesbury steeple. It was in 1835 when "Chessy," the inimitable Chesterfield, was Master of the Royal Buckhounds, that it was agreed to run on a four mile course in the Vale of Aylesbury. The line was to be four miles from point to point, and to be over a fair hunting country. Twenty-one horses were entered to carry thirteen stone each, at twenty sovereigns each, with a cup of a hundred pounds added. Twenty of the most famous horses in England came to the post, and the start was from Waddesdon Windmill, a slight eminence about four miles and a quarter from Aylesbury Church, the steeple of which was plainly visible. The line was marked by flags, but each rider was welcome to find his way into the winning field the best way he could, except by going into the Bicester road, which was forbidden. When this was understood, Mr. Peyton, who acted as starter, told the riders that just before they came to the church they would find two high poles, with red flags upon them, between which the winner must pass. There was all the excitement of adventure about this genuine steeplechase, for nobody knew beforehand what line of country he was going to ride. Crossing the river the Marquis of Waterford, of humorous memory, was nearly drowned, and Captain Beecher on Vivian won, Jem Mason being third on Prospero. There

were high times at Aylesbury during the reign of "Chessy," D'Orsay, and Waterford. The latter eccentric genius rode his horse upstairs at the White Hart into the great dining-room, an apartment built by another celebrity, Charles the Second's Lord Rochester, of facetious memory. Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Ricardo led the animal up the garden stairs, and round the table, where he was fed with apples and biscuits. There was an awful business getting him downstairs again, but the damage was, after all, no more than a few balusters smashed.

Aylesbury is not only rich in hunting and steeplechasing annals, but lies close to that part of Buckinghamshire fullest of historic memories of Cromwell and Milton, Waller and Burke, John Hampden, and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. Rich in associations as in pasture, the Vale of Aylesbury is remarkable for its rich men, among whom are several members of the Rothschild family, and is from almost every point of view one of the most noteworthy districts of Old England.

## BODLEY AND THE BODLEIAN.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART III. BODLEY RETURNED.

THOMAS BODLEY, with Holland and Hollanders for ever left behind him, was again in England in 1597.

English learning and English literature were spread out before him, Englishmen and the English society and circumstances the Englishmen lived in were under his observant eyes. What did he see? "My lord of Buckhurst" for one; Southampton also; Coke (attorney-general then; his wife being Burleigh's daughter); Sir Robert Cotton; Camden; and Burleigh—a veteran, white with years, willing then to be at rest and peace with all men (yes, even with the Spaniard), and warning Essex, still fretting for a vivid and a revengeful sword-thrust: "Men of blood shall not live out half their days!" He saw Essex his own good lord, of more intimacy than Burleigh, he who should have had a letter stuffed full of thanks but for diplomatic duties—Essex, only thirty, or little more, fascinating, courted, yet heedlessly enraging his ancient mistress till a few months more lost him his head upon the block. He saw "my lord of Northumberland," Hunsdon, Montacute, Raleigh. He saw "my lord chief baron, for whom," wrote Bodley just after, "I am to Discharge divers Busi-



nesses of Moment, committed to my Trust;" Bacon, renowned of all, grand in that splendid intellect that yet surely fossilised his heart, since, forgetting Essex's gifts of money and countenance and encouragement (in the days when money and countenance and encouragement shaped his very life), he was about to plead against his patron, hurrying him to his death; Nottingham, forbidding his too-pliant countess to deliver Essex's appeal to Elizabeth, for the reason that, at Cadiz and elsewhere, he and Essex were in rivalry, and he would rather have his rival gone; and lastly, in this group, for Bodley's interested study and audience, there was Elizabeth herself, audacious, absolute.

Yes; it was a stirring time, and a stately and a hazardous time to come upon on quitting the flat sands, the oozing dykes, the straight trees, and growing bosches of watery Holland. With the quays and havens, and meers and floating traffic of that country burnt into his vision by long residence there, London must have looked different enough to Bodley when he made it his dwelling-place and took up his quarters at Little St. Bartholomew's. Stowe says (and his first survey was printed in 1598, only a few months before Bodley succeeded in getting "revoked"): "A number of tenements are there erected for such as will give great rents." And the returned resident's was one of them. St. Bartholomew the Less, the parish was called; in the south-east of Smithfield, adjoining St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in the Ward of Farringdon Without. There was the fine priory, for Bodley's neighbour, as well as the hospital; there was the fair at Bartholomew Tide, to bring him hurly-burly, and break up his peace; to this, in Stowe's words, "the Clothiers of England, and Drapers of London repaired, and had their Booths and Stands within the churchyard of the Priory, closed in with Walls and Gates locked every night, and watched for safety of Men's Goods." In the "Ward," to take the air, for exercise, Bodley could walk into Duck Lane, or "Chicken Lane, toward Turnmill Brook, and over that Brook by a bridge of timber into the Field; then back again by the Pens or Folds in Smithfield, by Smithfield Pond to Cow Lane, which turneth toward Oldbourn." Or he could go by the "way called Gilt Spurr, or Knightriders Street, of the Knights, and others, riding that way into Smithfield." For Smithfield itself (with the recent fires there, and

Bodley not likely to forget them) it was "a soft ground and unpaved . . . loose-serving men would often meet here, and make Uproars and Quarrels, inso-much that it was many Years called Ruffians' Hall, being the usual rendezvous of Ruffians and Quarrellers." And then, returning to those who were peopling this, filling it with life, and purpose, and who were real men to Bodley; associates (close, or of a certain ceremony); with manners, and cadences, and tricks of speech, that were familiar to him; who were not men having names and nothing more; there was Blount, Lord Mountjoy. There were Drake, and Hawkins, and Martin Frobisher. There was young Robert Cecil; that one of old Burleigh's twenty children borne to him by his gifted wife, Mildred Cooke, who was occupying the post of Secretary of State that was meant by Essex to have been Bodley's own. There was Sir Francis Vere. There was Sir Robert Sidney. There was Cobham. There was Sir Kenelm Digby. There was Shakespeare—no! Bodley was of that grave race, the precursor of that graver race that in half a century was to gather its fine strength together as Puritanism, that waved away all shows, and playhouses, and courtly gambling, no patience left to bear the corroding sight and sound. Bodley, with his own hand, wrote: "London, June 15th," but no year; as was a great fault with him, "I can see no Good Reason to alter my Opinion for excluding such Books as Almanacks, Plays, and an infinite Number that are daily Printed, of very unworthy matters . . . . Haply, some Plays may be worthy the Keeping, but hardly one in forty;" and Bodley, in that serious look he was giving to all that was going on, came into no contact with the writer and provider of royal masques and spectacles, would have had no suspicion that, out of the unworthy matter daily being printed in that very 1597, the Romeo and Juliet that was part of it, the two Richards that were other parts of it, were precisely the plays—those ones in forties—that, haply, were worthy the keeping, and that would have been as big a prize for his University as his love for it could have secured. Shakespeare, then, was not in the world that was a stage to Bodley; but there was Spenser; identified especially with 1597 also, and brought assuredly a certain so much into Bodley's notice, for the reason that the Tyrone Rebellion broke out in



Ireland then where Spenser was, and that Josias Bodley, Bodley's warrior brother, was one of those ordered off to Irish service. There was Sir Dudley Carleton; there was Sir Henry Saville; there were Wotton, Calvert, Killigrew, the Carews, Sir William Wood, Sir Henry Neville, Sir Ralph Winwood—to stay here, and name no more. Bodley pondered. "All are extremely weary of place here," wrote Sir Henry Neville to Sir Ralph Winwood, place-men both. "The Attendance is more exacted than ever, and the Profit less. As for Rewards, the State was never poorer or less able to afford them." It was a condition of affairs—illustrated thus, valuably, by independent and contemporary testimony—not likely to escape Bodley's penetration; and he, pondering still, found he had no appetite in the soul of him for any of it, and turned away. "It did . . . ill concurre," he wrote, in his "seven sheets," "with my naturall disposition to become, or to be counted, either a stickler or partaker in any publique faction." As many as twenty years had passed since that time, when, being wholly addicted to the "publique service" of the state, he could describe himself as having set out to gather up the necessary qualifications for it. During those twenty years he had learnt what state-service meant, and now he would have "solitude and surcease from the commonwealth-affaires;" he would take to a life that should involve, that should engender, no parties, no factions, no rancour, no altitudes of hope or abysses of despair; but that would gather charms to itself out of itself, bringing duties that would grow sweeter and sweeter as the years went by.

That was the manner of it, and this the result: "Being thoroughly persuaded that . . . I could not busy myself to better purpose . . . I concluded at the last to set up my staff at the Library-door in Oxon . . . reducing that place (which then in every Part lay ruined and waste) to the publick Use of Students." It was done, and he was "the great Ptolomic" for it, in the words of John King, Bishop of London. He was "worthy to be celebrated eternally" for it, in the words of William Camden, "and to live as long as Learning." He deserved to be re-named "Godlie" for it, instead of "Bodlie," were the words of King James himself, in 1605, that small piece of Scotch wit struggling itself to the surface of his right-hearted Scotch learning and Scotch appreciation of all help

to it, as he looked round upon the completed work. "I am willing to bee the first who should steppe forth to yeeelde you Publique thanks" for it, wrote Richard Haydock, dedicating his translation of Lomazzo's Curious Painting to "the Right Worshipful Thomas Bodley, Esq.," as near to the moment of decision as 1598. "Your soundnesse in variety of Learning," proceeds this Haydock—and Bodley knew him well, and liked him; he makes such comments (in his Letters to Dr. Thomas James, his first librarian) as, "Forget me not to Mr. Haydock," "I pray you commend me to Mr. Haidock," "I heare nothing of Mr. Haidock,"—"your harty affection to all good Artes, your Skill in this (Italian), and the better Languages, your exceeding Love towards this our Universitie, begun already with no small charge, and happily hereafter to bee finished to your great Honour," made dedications and all other obeisances proper, and were full in Haydock's heart; to which he added, whimsically, but affectionately, that he should be glad when "my Muse shall finde some place in the Librarie, though it bee but that which wee see the silly Sparrowes and Swallowes have in the greatest Churches." There was an infinity more, of course. There were two volumes full, in 1613; when all the members of Merton College and many members of other colleges, Laud and Casaubon amongst them, wrote in Latin and wrote in Greek, of their sense of what Bodley had accomplished. But this is enough—with the work only this moment undertaken—to show the strength of it and the full manner, and the fact that full appreciation was there. And Bodley wanted appreciation sensibly. He knew it was indispensable to get it; he knew it was paramount. To set up his staff at Oxon, with any manner of good result from the setting, was impossible, he was modestly aware, if he worked only with his own heart and his own active hands. To do it, he required, he said, "four kindes of aides; and Unlesse I had them all, there was no hope of good successe." He required, "Some kind of knowledge in learned and modern tongues and sundry other sorts of scholasticall literature," which he had; he required, "some purse ability," which he had; he required, "speciall good leisure to follow such a worke," which he had; he required, "great store of honourable friends to further the designe," to obtain which that broad look he was able

to cast over English men and English society, that broad circle of eminent and influential men in which he spent his life, stood him in good stead. Here is a specimen of how he set about his work. "You shal find. . . M. Bodley. . . a gentleman in all respects worthy of your acquaintance," wrote Sir Henry Saville to Cotton, on "this St. Peter's day" (conjectured to be 1600, or 1601). "If it pleaseth you to appoint to-morrow at afternoon, or Monday or Tuesday next, at some houre likewise after dinner, wee will not faile to bee with you at your house." It was because Bodley had asked Saville to ask Cotton to give what books he had to spare; and because Cotton, caught, even through a second hand, by Bodley's enthusiasm (as a whole host came to be caught), had responded generously, saying Bodley might come and choose. "I have made M. Bodley acquainted with your kind and friendly offer," Saville goes on, "who accepteth of it in most thankful manner. . . True it is, that I have raised some expectation of the quality of your gift in M. Bodley. . . and remember, I give you faire warning, that if you hold any booke so deare as that you would bee loath to have him out of your sight, set him aside before hand!" It is in such a piece of jesting as this (for Saville, after saying that he too himself "wil not do that wrong to my judgment as to choose of the worst, if better be in place," proceeds, "To leave jesting, we wil any of the dayes come to you; leaving, as great reason is, your own in your own power, freely to retaine or dispose"); it is in such kindly allusions to Bodley's desire of getting all things meant for him, to Bodley's danger, possibly, of getting any little parcel that he could get more, that there can be a measure taken of the tide he carried with him, and of how he made it sweep and ripple into every quarter. Things did not flow all smoothly always, as may be supposed. In this very matter of seeing Cotton, for example, there came a hitch. Bodley had to write to him, "From my house, June 6," "S<sup>r</sup>, I was thrice to have seene you at your house, but had not the happe to finde you at home;" his quest being "onely to knowe howe you hold your old intention for helping to furnishe the Universitie Librarie, where I purpose, God willing, to place all the bookes that I have hitherto gathered, within these three weekes." After which comes, what was the only inducement Bodley had to offer;

and what he offered, everywhere around him. "And whatsoever any man shall conferre for the stoaring of the Librarie, suche order is taken for a dewe memorial of his gifte, as, I am persuaded he can not any way receive a greater contentment of any thing to that value, otherwise bestowed." Eleven valuable (or invaluable) MSS. were the result of this introduction and appeal to Cotton, and there is abundance of equally interesting testimony (or inference) as to how the same good means conduced to "the stoaring," in the same good manner, elsewhere. "As touching the English old MS. Testament in green velvet," wrote Bodley to his librarian on an 18th of May, "it was the Gift of one Springham, whose proper name I know not, but a good acquaintance of mine; so that I cannot well conceive whereupon it is fathered upon William Williams, of whom I never heard before." He wrote, "Let me know by your next the proper names of Mr. Draper, Ridley, Urrey, and the name of Mr. School-master of Winton, that they may be recorded accordingly." He wrote, "Mr. Burhil of Corp. Chr. Coll. is the Bearer hereof, whose Book I shall request you to place in the Library, and so to signify unto him."\* He wrote, "Budæus's Works were of the Gift of the Lord of Essex, and had Paper pasted in one or more places. . . with a transcript from some other copy." He wrote—each writing being at a different time, at a different date, when he was recording his progress to his librarian—"My Lord of Northumberland giveth £100 to the Library; and Sir Walter Raleigh £50; and Sir Edmund Udal as much." He wrote, "Mr. Valent. Knightley hath been ever a Wellwisher to this Erection of the Library, but I never heard yet of his Offer of Fifty Pounds," which it is clear, however, Dr. James had told him, agreeably, was forthcoming. He wrote, "My Lord Treasurer hath given orders for £100 to be bestowed for him upon the Library," and (which would have been in 1602), "My Lord Cobham hath given £50 to the Library, and promiseth divers MSS. out of St. Augustine's Library in Canterbury;" and, on a November the 6th, which must have been 1605, "I have gotten a Warrant from the King, under his Hand and Privy seal, for

\* This was Robert Burhill, one of the writers of one of the Latin poems in praise of Bodley; it can be expressed thus, they were so numerous. Burhill has further interest. He helped Raleigh by getting materials for his *History of the World*, when Raleigh, a prisoner, was writing it in the Tower.

the choice of any Books that I shall like, in any of his Houses or Librarys," adding, with a pretty piece of court-consideration and propriety, "Howbeit, for that the place at Whitehall is over the Queen's Chamber, I must needs attend her departure." In short, Bodley carried all before him; every step yielding him a sheaf. In his ardour, and in the wealth of his winning, he wrote to Dr. James, "I would gladly understand whether the Lady Russel hath promised any Books and how she liked the Library," with this counsel all along, "In any wise, take no riff raff Books" (almanacks, plays, and so on?), "which will but prove discredit to our Library; yet it will be requisite always to open the Poak when the Pig is presented, . . . for many Men's Minds do alter so soon." His method matching this ardour also, and his detail being perfect, he wished himself, with his own hand, up at his own house in Little St. Bartholomew's, to make those "dewe memorials" of all men's gifts, of which he had written to Sir Robert Cotton, and he sent explicit instructions to Dr. James that he might be enabled to do so. "Now I must entreat you," he wrote, "to send me the Register Book wherein the Benefactors' names and Gifts shall be recorded. It could be packed up in a Coffin of Boards, with Paper thick about it, and Hay between it and the Boards. I pray you be careful about it, and let me receive it the next week, sent by the Waggon for fear of the Rain. I take the waggon to be always cover'd . . . place them under Cover sufficient, and cordage, to keep them from embezzling;" whilst yet, when the waggon had arrived, and the cover and the cordage had been loosened, it was plain that these precautions had not—to their full spirit—been taken, and Bodley was obliged to write back, displeased, "My Register Book is safely delivered, but for the want of Hay between it, and the hard Boards of the Case, it is somewhat grated." It is somewhat, or it is rather more than somewhat, possible to feel sympathetic sorrow for it; and to conjure up the master's disturbed face, as he extricated the injured volume ruefully.

But before this matter of application to a "great store of honourable friends" can be quite let go, there must be allusion to the persistent, and finally successful, attacks made by Bodley on the Company of Stationers. It has been intimated that there is evidence of communication with this

company as early as 1590;\* there is evidence, also, of a letter from the King to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, dated September 26, 1604, relative to a dispute between William Doggett and John Bodeley (the younger; it may be well decided) as to the Office of Clerk of the Papers in the City of London; there is evidence, further, that among the Masters, Wardens, and Assistants of the Company of Stationers, or among those who seconded them, there were several men who were Bodley's private friends. These are the Archbishop of Canterbury (Abbott), the Bishop of London (King), Mr. Norton, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Harrison; their signatures appear to documents given by Mr. Macray in his Annals of the Bodleian Library (a record of gifts and transactions so exhaustive and scholarly that its value cannot be over-rated); and they are mentioned themselves in Bodley's Letters. This, he says, to Dr. James, is "Written with the privy and pleasure of my Lord of Canterbury, to whom you owe more than to all the Friends you have alive;" he says, "I pray you commend me very heartily to Mr. Harrison;" he says, "Upon Tuesday, there dined with me here at Fulham the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London;" Ridley was one of those donors whose "proper" name he wanted; Norton had made a gift of an Herbal. How far these circumstances had influence over one another, how far they had influence that in its turn had influence—by suggestion, by contact, by direct lead—is not to be defined. That they had value is incontestable; and amidst them all, communication with the Stationers' Company was renewed, and renewed again; there was trouble about it, there was conflict of interest; there was indifference; but there was, through, all steady persistency, and in the end, in 1611, Bodley took pen in hand, a proud man. He had a thin octavo volume before him, made up of only a few pages; it had no special interest in itself; the name of its author was not even known; its title was, *Christian Religion: Substantially, Methodicallie, Plainlie and profitablie Treatised*. London. Printed by Felix Kingston for Thomas Man, 1611; but in it Bodley's glad pen wrote, "The gifte of Jo. Man, Master of y<sup>e</sup> Copanie of y<sup>e</sup> Stationers, and y<sup>e</sup> first after their Indenture was sealed to y<sup>e</sup> Universi-

\* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 29, page 472.

tie;" and it was in that, that there was the significance. Bodley had persuaded the company at last, as "steering of the Librarie," to promise a copy of every work they published, as it was published, when it was published; and this pamphlet—for it is no more—was the handsel, or earnest. Looking at the fading ink that flowed from Bodley's pen upon the page of it, reading his hand—as legible, and of similar character to the hand of the generation only just lingeringly gone—it is of singular interest to try and form a conception of what he had thought he had done. It was much, he was aware. It differed importantly from his constant task of securing, for instance, Tully's works; which, he wrote, "were bought of Ascanius for Sir Ro. Sidney, being bound before at Paris; but these Marginal Notes were neither observed by me nor Mr. Savill, who was at the choosing." It differed importantly from securing an edition of Menochius; of which he wrote, "I would know . . . by the first Carrier the next Week . . . in what sort, for Leather or Colour, the 1st and 2 Tome of Menochius are Bound, for that I will cause the 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Tomes, which I have brought here, to answer the Binding of the first." It differed importantly from his care to secure two editions of Thuanus;\* which, he wrote, "I have taken purposely twice, being printed in divers Places and Years . . . as in Rome and Basil;" from repeating other authors, of which he wrote, "Some I took double by Reason of some Treatises annexed. . . . There are others double for that some Edition came forth with new Additions." So, also, it differed importantly from his constant task of securing further gifts of MSS.; MSS. in Russian, Arabic, Chinese, Persian, Finnish, Ethiopic, and more; MSS., besides, in those languages that Richard Haydock called "better"—such as those my Lord Cobham promised, out of St. Augustine's Library, Canterbury; such as those the dean and chapter of Exeter promised, out of their chapter library; such as those that James the librarian procured, out of various colleges; such as those that were the gifts of Cotton and Cope, and all the other donors the catalogues and Mr. Macray's Annals enumerate. It differed from this, because what the Stationers' Hall

would give would be contemporary literature; would be, for as long a span as Bodley, having only human foresight to help him, could see, the literature of the future. And Bodley, in his good vision, could conjure up a recess or two of shelves gradually filled thus, in easy manageable manner. "You have done exceeding well," he wrote on one occasion to James, "to allow more Partitions to A. B. C. I doubt your Ten Partitions for B will hardly serve your Turn;" which shows his compass. His suspicion that to get the chance of being able to do this was worth paying for too, as well as worth the labour and worry of the battle, can have proof. To win the concession he desired from the company, he had been willing, tradition, says, to send up to the Hall fifty pounds' worth of plate, as *douceur* or inducement; he had been willing, there is evidence, to agree to the promise that the Company might borrow any one of their given books back again, at any moment, if wanted for a reprint (which might well have seemed a clause that would, in effect, absolve the company from the necessity of keeping any stores themselves, and would virtually simply constitute Bodley's Library their depository); he had been willing, further, to agree to the proviso that the company might copy and collate any other book that he had "gathered" or otherwise obtained. And it is in these lending provisos that his sense of the privilege he was acquiring can be assessed; for, to forbid books being carried from under his roof was a most stringent rule with him. To impress upon Dr. James that he must never suffer the rule to be relaxed, he tells him of "the Bishop of Gloucester and the rest of the interpreters in their Assembly in Christ Church,\* who requested the like at my Hands for one or two Books;" and who even had what he calls "Denial." But, at all that this may be supposed to cover, and infer, Bodley, as was compulsory, stopped. There was no possibility of his forecasting the prodigious harvest that was to come from his fair seed; of his forecasting the bounteous and boundless wealth that followed, when, in the soil of an endlessly multiplying press, the seed developed as it has developed (and will develop), to the benefit not only of his own collec-

\* De Thou; and possessing extra interest to Bodley, because, in addition to being *littérateur* and statesman, he was Principal Librarian to Henri Quatre.

\* Preparing the Authorised Version, which would supersede that Genevan Bible Bodley had seen translated in his youth, and which, therefore, from sentiment, might not have been looked at by him with overwhelming favour.



tion, but to the benefit of England's own gigantic literary store-house, whence, as a consequence, there has come benefit to all English literature all over all the world. Could Bodley, with his intensity of purpose, his thirst to enrich his University, have taken even a partial measure of the additional enrichment that was to come from his efforts elsewhere, it would have filled his heart with glory. It is not given, however, to inventors, to introducers, to organizers—by whatever name it is willed these shall be called—to see all the circles that proceed from the few that spread before them when they first fling their stone; and as the covers of Bodley's first book from the Stationers' Company are closed, this reflection is inevitable, and in the full interest of it, the volume is laid aside.

### STODDART'S LAST LOVE STORY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

STODDART was punctual at his interview with Miss Sax the following week, and he professed himself much pleased with his Teniers; he found he should like another to make a pendant, and he went round the rooms with the young lady in search of a suitable one.

Miss Sax entertained him with many amusing anecdotes concerning the students.

"That's Pochin," she said as they passed a lanky young man of the "æsthetic" school, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a Memling; "he is so delightfully absurd! Of course, you think he is admiring that crooked Madonna, but he is really only using the glass of the picture as a mirror in which to study his own woe-begone countenance, and the correct droop of his terra-cotta tie. He professes a great admiration for me. It comes on in fits and starts, according as I snub him more or less. Just now it is off, but about Christmas-time it was at white heat. He came to see me at home one day, and I was out, but mother, poor darling, did her best to entertain the idiot. When I returned I found her greatly upset, and my visitor gazing with downcast eyes on a bit of art-chintz which he held in one pale hand. 'I know you will have pity on my weakness,' he pleaded, 'and your mother has been utterly gentle with me, but I cannot breathe unless I have something beautiful with which now and then to refresh my soul. Now you have come, Miss Sax, I shall be only too happy to put it

away,' and he began tenderly to fold his chintz preparatory to replacing it in his bosom. Poor Pochin! it was lovely to see his face when I answered: 'My soul is like yours, it cannot endure the commonplace, so if you are going to stay much longer, perhaps you will lend me that piece of chintz?'"

It was not so much what Miss Sax said, as the manner in which she said it that was so fascinating. Her black eyes yearned and languished as she mimicked Pochin's die-away tones; then in a second she imitated her mother, and looked so absolutely like a mystified old lady that Stoddart could not restrain his laughter.

Perambulating through the rooms came three young women arm-in-arm, eating their bread-and-butter luncheons out of newspaper parcels. Stoddart looked on them with amazement. Two had touzled hair, and the third lank thin locks, which, cut short over her forehead, hung down around her shoulders and back without a vestige of fastening. All three wore garments long and sad-coloured, which hung skimpy where they might have gone full, and full where they might have gone flat.

"Good gracious!" said Stoddart. "Is there any obligation for art-people to wear green-stuff bed-gowns?"

"Oh, those are Slade students," explained Miss Sax, "and they study their expressions from Botticelli."

Stoddart supposed Slade students must be like bluecoat-boys, victims of the tyranny of some benevolent but narrow-minded founder. As for Botticelli, he conceived a poor opinion of him.

"By-the-bye," said Stoddart, "I thought I should find an artist here whom I know a little—a Mr. Dobson?"

"Oh yes, I know him, he is not working here just now; he is not a bad sort of little fellow. Adonis Dobson we call him, I suppose because he is so very different to one's notions of Adonis. George Jackson, the handsomest boy in the place, is nicknamed Black Jackson; but that is because he makes his chalk drawings in such a horrible mess."

Stoddart's attention was now arrested by a tall young woman with a comely face, who flung herself along in somewhat helter-skelter fashion. She was followed by a diminutive footman, panting under the weight of her paint-box and sandwich-case; she cast on Miss Sax a glance of

withering contempt, and Stoddart did not breathe freely until she had flounced by.

"That's Miss Thompson, the beauty," explained Miss Sax. "You know it was she who stood for Lemaître's picture of A Daughter of the Gods, and though that is ten years ago, she still keeps her hair the way he painted it, ruffled by the breeze; the effect now is highly distressing."

"I don't admire her," said Stoddart, resenting the beauty's haughty stare.

"I hear she is very jolly when you come to know her, but is always insulting to people whom she does not know. She does not know me, and is not likely to know me, seeing I have to earn my own living and can't afford a man-servant to run at my heels. However, I get plenty of unsolicited escort. This morning I had a follower all the way from the Bayswater Road. I can't think what amusement there is in walking behind a girl for an hour or two."

"I am afraid you must find it very disagreeable," said Stoddart; "you look so young and so very unprotected. It would really be better if you could find some lady friend to walk with."

Miss Sax made a grimace.

"I am thankful to say I have no lady friends" (Stoddart opened his small eyes to their fullest extent). "I am not a lady myself, and I don't want to be one," said she, enjoying his distress.

It was a painful shock to Stoddart to find the suspicions he had entertained during his first interview with Miss Sax confirmed. The girl seemed to read his thoughts.

"You must be thankful for small mercies, Mr. Stoddart," she said; "though I am not a lady, I don't leave out my h's, and I paint a great deal better than most real ladies do; and, after all, your Teniers is of more importance than my social position, is it not? Now don't you think this Old Woman Shelling Peas would make a capital match?"

Stoddart thought it would do capitally, and foresaw many pleasant hours to be passed in the society of the Old Masters. He wondered so rational an amusement had never occurred to him before.

Miss Sax returned to her easel, and painted with an assiduity that was proof against all his attempts at conversation; he therefore regretfully left her, with his mind much occupied with black eyes and dimples, and utterly oblivious of Teniers's crabbed old woman, amid her chaos of brass pots and pans.

It was not long before Stoddart found an excuse to call on Miss Sax. She inhabited that debateable land where Bayswater merges into Notting Hill, and the sunless dreary streets seem all to have been planned by one architect of one idea. But Miss Sax's little drawing-room was as pretty as good taste and clever fingers could make it, and the welcome she gave her guest would have wooed the most captious mind from criticism.

"Let me introduce you to my family," she said with a little wave of her hand from an old lady dozing in an armchair, to an enormous grey cat rolled up on the hearth-rug, "mamma and granny; this is my darling old granny," she explained, taking up the cat and kissing its furry side; "she lets me be very unceremonious with her, but mamma requires more circumspection."

As she spoke she dropped the cat on to her mother's lap, and the old lady awoke with a start.

"Mr. Stoddart is here," said her daughter demurely.

Mrs. Sax leaned her hands on the arms of her chair, and raised herself slowly. Her eyes were black like her daughter's, but there the resemblance ceased. Stoddart's soul did not exactly yearn for art-chintz, but he experienced a fellow-feeling for Pochin.

"My dear Georgy," said the old lady, "is this your benefactor? Pray beg him to be seated."

"Yes, this is the latest of my benefactors," said Georgy; "please be seated Mr. Stoddart. I recommend you this chair as the most comfortable."

She took a box of cigarettes from the chimney-piece, and invited him to take one.

Stoddart protested that he could not venture to do so in her presence, but at the same time she rose several degrees in his estimation for her good sense, most women holding such ridiculous ideas about smoke clinging to window-curtains.

"Won't you really?" said Miss Sax; "what self-denial! I cannot imitate it," and she coolly placed a cigarette between her teeth, and lighted it with an experienced hand.

Stoddart was stricken dumb, and Miss Sax fell again in his good opinion from blood-heat to zero with a crash. It is all very well that a young lady should be obliging and let a man enjoy himself, but that she should smoke herself is quite

another matter. No, Miss Georgy was a very jolly little girl and all that, but she was not a lady, and perhaps, on the whole, he was glad of it.

Miss Sax, leaning back in her chair and enjoying her cigarette, considered her visitor with some amusement.

"Can't I persuade you?" she said; "they are very good cigarettes. A friend of mine is in the habit of offering them at my shrine."

Stoddart, no longer bashful, lit one at the match she held for him, and prepared to make himself comfortable.

"My Georgy has so many kind friends," said Mrs. Sax, "she has experienced the greatest liberality amongst artists. They are always offering things at her shrine as she calls it. One of them offered that cat—I think it was Mr. Dobson—but I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for many months now. I am not acquainted with all my daughter's friends. They move mostly in art circles, and I have not a very high opinion of art circles, have you?"

"Well, really," began Stoddart, "I don't think I have ever——"

"Persons in that class of life appear to be a very dissipated good-for-nothing lot, with their rhodomontade and their long hair, for all the world like so many rickety Sampsons, though it's my belief they would lose nothing by having it cut but their money, and they have not got that to lose. A lot of fellows come here to see Georgy, and go on a deal of nonsense, bringing her peacocks' feathers and rubbish that fills up the place, but it is not at all the society I have been accustomed to. In happier days, Mr. Stoddart, I moved in a very different sphere. My dear husband was an auctioneer in a very superior way of business at Clapham. We kept our carriage, and moved in the best society. Our acquaintance was strictly confined to City gentlemen and their families, and in those days I should as soon of thought of shaking hands with an artist as with a chimney-sweep. But now that my dear child is obliged to work for herself, it does not do to be too particular."

Mrs. Sax was a lady with a remarkably keen black eye to the main chance. It had not taken her five minutes to discover that Stoddart was of a different species to all the young fellows who called on her daughter, and that he was in City parlance evidently a "good man." A rapidly conjured-up vision showed her

Georgy well married, and she herself established in a comfortable home, and moving in circles equally select with those of Clapham. Hence the disparity between the beginning and the end of her speech concerning artists.

"I am sure I am a great deal happier working than I should be doing nothing, even in company with the best Clapham society," said Georgy in a tone so exactly like her mother's, that Stoddart thought he should have a fit; "and considering my work brings from sixty pounds to a hundred pounds a-year towards the house-keeping, it is not to be despised."

"Do you only make copies?" asked Stoddart.

"I do everything that pays, even Christmas-cards and china. But one day I hope to do better things. Look out for my name among Academy stars, say about the year nineteen hundred."

She rose and threw her cigarette end into the fire.

"Now I am going to ask you to have tea with us, Mr. Stoddart; not a fashionable afternoon tea, but a substantial sit-down meal."

And she asked it with such a smile that had she offered poison instead of tea, no man could have had the heart to refuse her.

"My Georgy is such a treasure," said Mrs. Sax when her daughter had left the room, "you must not mind her ways. I know she is very independent and does things I should never have been allowed to do at home in Clapham. I am sure if I had smoked in my young days my papa would never have seen me married to the gentleman he did. But my child says she don't digest her dinner unless she takes her cigarette after it. To be sure she has had very different surroundings to mine, and she is always at work from morning to night, and is ever in the best of spirits, as you see her now. I sometimes positively find her a little overpowering, for at my age there is an occasional pleasure in melancholy retrospection, but with all the young fellows who come here my Georgy is vastly popular."

Stoddart's feelings fluctuated much during this speech. At one moment he was all admiration for the girl, and then again he remembered she smoked and crossed her feet. Mrs. Sax's mention of the "young fellows" also jarred on his ideas of feminine propriety; he did not like to imagine Georgy Sax the centre of

attraction and amusement to a room full of young men. Some comfort lay in the thought of her exceeding coolness; no doubt she kept them all very much in their places indeed.

Presently Miss Sax came back with the kettle, and spread the cloth; she took down the old cups and saucers from the ornamental dresser on which they stood; and Stoddart begging to be allowed to help, she equipped him with a battered toasting-fork, and cut him some slices of bread to toast.

"Good gracious, if Mrs. Rabourdin could see me!" was his mental comment as he found himself on his knees, making himself useful under Georgy's directions, and then he laughed at his awkwardness, and Georgy laughed at him, and altogether toast-making appeared a very novel and amusing occupation. Then what a delightfully cosy tea, with the girl presiding! For once he forgot his nerves, and took as many cups as ever Dr. Johnson did from the hands of his "little Burney."

After tea Mrs. Sax retired to sleep again in her armchair. She had a well-placed confidence in "her child," and went to sleep on principle, knowing that two are better company than three.

Georgy sat down to the piano and sang bits from the comic operas; and then told anecdotes of the Academy students, and acted the gushing young lady of forty who had got in at the last competition by a fluke; and the lackadaisical sea-green young lady who had tried fifteen times and was not admitted yet; and the young lady who, being successful, now "cut" the youth who had helped her to achieve success.

In none of these things would Stoddart ordinarily have felt the slightest interest; had they been told him by Dobson, he would speedily have snubbed that young man; but from the lips of a young and lovely woman, even remarks on the weather sound interesting, and Miss Sax threw such life and expression into all she said, that she would still have gained hearts had she been the plainest of her sex. What wonder then that wit and beauty combined began to play havoc with Stoddart's bachelor affections, and that he found excuses to see her pretty often after this, his first visit?

He had no idea that Herrick too was pursuing her acquaintance until one day walking with him down Parliament Street, Herrick stopped at a picture-dealer's.

"I'll just go in here," said he, "I know

the man a little, and I got him to take two of Miss Sax's pictures."

Stoddart was not much pleased.

"Why, what have you got to do with it?" he said. "When do you see her?"

"Oh! I have met her two or three times," said Herrick languidly, "and she is such an industrious girl, it is really a duty to encourage her."

This came rather strangely from Herrick who never worked at all, and at the same time considered it very reprehensible in certain editors that they gave him no encouragement.

Next time Stoddart was over in Bayswater he remarked in an airy way to Miss Georgy that he supposed she saw a good deal of his friend Herrick.

Mrs. Sax took the words out of her daughter's mouth.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Stoddart, for saying so, but I am not very partial to Mr. Herrick. He is altogether too grand a gentleman for me, though it's not always those who make the greatest display as have the most right to do so. But you must not misunderstand me, Mr. Stoddart, both I and my Georgy are too grateful to you not to treat any friend of yours with the greatest courtesy. The only time he has been here I am sure he had no reason to complain of the reception we accorded him. Contrary to my usual custom I forewent my little nap, and joined in a game of cards to help the time pass pleasantly."

Stoddart was relieved, and from thenceforth dismissed Herrick from his mind. He saw that should he require it, he might reckon on a faithful ally in Mrs. Sax, for never when he was there did she propose cards, but always slumbered most religiously. And yet such is the ingratitude of mankind that, when thinking over a not impossible future, Stoddart said to himself that even an admirable ally might become an obnoxious mother-in-law. Of course in that capacity an Englishman would discover the seamy side of an angel, and Stoddart, with no certainty of ever being related to Mrs. Sax, considered her already all seams. Yet had he reflected, there must have been something not wholly despicable about her, or she could never have had so charming a daughter. Besides mothers, and even mothers-in-law, have been young once, and Mrs. Sax was doubtless round and plump, perhaps even fair and tender, in the year she first met with that Clapham auctioneer.

As the summer wore on, Stoddart con-



tinued to see as much as he reasonably could of Georgy Sax; the conviction forced itself on his mind that his friendship for her was taking a serious form. He thought long and deeply over the matter, and balanced the pros and cons with a nice impartiality, for when a man has arrived at forty years of age, he can be in love and yet retain sufficient calmness to view the situation in all its bearings. Miss Sax was good and pretty, and also entertaining, which last quality is really the most essential in the woman with whom you propose to pass the remainder of your life; but then she was a mere nobody, her father the too-often mentioned auctioneer, her grandfather Heaven knows who, and her mother already a thorn in the flesh.

It was Stoddart's invariable custom to leave town the last week of June, and he saw no reason for departing from it this year. On the contrary he welcomed it as a time for calm reflection and ample opportunity for making up his mind. He therefore paid Miss Sax a farewell visit, and gave no hint of the possible good fortune in store for her, and she on her part said good-bye with the greatest cordiality and good-humour.

As a finer observer than Stoddart once remarked: "Miss Sax is awfully charming and all that, but she somehow lets a fellow see she don't care a straw if she never sees him again."

During the last few weeks Georgy Sax had become to Stoddart almost a part of his town life, but once in the country he found much to distract his mind, and when he remembered her at all it was with a slight feeling of surprise that he did not think of her oftener.

He did, indeed, during the great heat of August, fear that she must be suffering in London, and he dwelt with some pleasure on the possibility of finding himself next summer with her in Switzerland or Scotland; but generally his time was fully occupied in "tickling the wily trout," and in eluding the baits thrown to him as an eligible bachelor by the still more wily females of the country houses at which he stayed.

In September he found his round of visits drawing to a close; he therefore determined to return to town, and now with much inconsistency began to count the hours till he should see Miss Sax again.

He found London very dry and parched-up, the streets full of dust, and the vestry-carts evidently taking their holiday. He

was visited with a sort of compunction at the idea of Miss Sax having worked through all the past hot days, while he himself had been revelling in the delights of lake and mountain. He looked into the Gallery and found the few students there in a limp and spiritless condition. Among them he recognised "Adonis" Dobson.

"Yes, I am at work here for Mr. Ridley," said the little man, much gratified at Stoddart's notice, "doing some Caraccis for his smoking-room. No, Miss Sax ain't here, and I've not seen her at the Academy lately neither. I suppose she has got some other work to do, or else is knocked up with the heat. She is a very nice girl, isn't she, and awfully good, though not a favourite with the ladies I think. But all our fellows swear by her; and isn't she down on them just, if they give her any nonsense! I am awfully afraid of her myself, you know."

Dobson being a sharp youth had guessed what subject would most interest Stoddart, and he fully appreciated the advantage of talking with a well-dressed man, whose appearance conveyed the idea of purchaser and buyer to any extent. It is not often that a superfine black coat and glossy "tile" are seen in art-student circles.

So he continued on the same theme. "She is an awfully clever girl, she used to be called the 'Baby of the Academy' because she got in so young, you know. She had a capital thing at the last 'Black and White,' it was awfully praised in one of the critiques. I expect she'll make her way some day, that is, if she don't marry and get extinguished as most of our lady artists do."

Stoddart went away with his mind almost made up concerning Miss Sax; she should marry but need not consequently be extinguished. He should like her to go on with her painting, and should not even object to seeing favourable notices of her pictures in the papers. But, of course, she would give up the Academy and the Gallery, and also, he added, rather unkindly, such fellows as "Adonis" Dobson. He took a cab, and on the way over to Bayswater, amused himself by debating whether his drawing-room or spare bed-room would make the best studio.

The shabby street where Miss Sax lived looked more uninviting than usual; the plaster was peeling in flakes off the houses, the stunted shrubs in the narrow front gardens were thick with dust, and the afternoon milkman passing up the road was uttering spasmodic yells, more appro-

priate to the sale of dynamite than to the mild contents of his battered cans.

The sunshine pouring through the faded blinds of Miss Sax's drawing-room seemed to point obtrusively to the decrepitude of the furniture and the sparseness of the ornamentation; the ferns in the windows looked sickly, and the little mistress who rose to meet Stoddart as he entered, had lost some of the pink colour from her cheeks. But he hardly noticed these things; the first object which struck his eyes was Herrick leaning back in that special cane chair which he, Stoddart, considered as peculiarly his own. Yet it was not merely the chair which displeased Stoddart, it was the fact of Herrick being there at all. He had spoken to him little concerning Miss Sax, and he had never happened to meet him there when he visited her, so that it had not once occurred to him that while he was away his friend might be supplying his place in Miss Sax's drawing-room. And now he saw that such had been the case, and he felt that Herrick had treated him badly. He had always considered that Miss Sax belonged in a manner to himself, since he had made her acquaintance by purchasing her picture, and Herrick had no right to encroach on his territory. Besides Herrick had no business to pay attention to any girl, not being in a position to marry; Stoddart had no belief in platonic affections.

He sat down with every disposition to make himself disagreeable; and he was in nowise soothed by the melancholy languor of Herrick's expression, nor the faultlessness of his attire.

"Happy man!" observed Herrick with pathos, "you look as fresh as a rose! To us poor dwellers in the city, you come like a breath of the country itself."

"Do not waste your pity on us," said Miss Sax, "Mr. Herrick has been away to all sorts of places, and mother and I stayed a week with an aunt at Weybridge; but I don't much like aunts, and I am bound to say they detest me, I am really such exceedingly bad-style!" and she folded her hands and buttoned up her mouth with the air of outraged propriety of a country maiden of fifty.

"Relations are a great mistake," said Herrick mournfully. "I often wish I had been born an orphan. I have just returned from a few days spent in the bosom of my

family. I stayed there, until, one morning, I actually found myself making a pun. This being a sign of approaching madness, I fled precipitately."

As Stoddart recovered his temper he began to observe that Miss Sax was certainly looking less well than formerly, nor were her spirits altogether so good. He decided she wanted change of air and not with an aunt. He should like to take her to the sea, but he did not know how it could be managed without actually coming to the point and making the proposal which he knew he should make sooner or later, but which, with a natural reluctance to give up bachelor freedom, he decided should be later. When Herrick had gone Stoddart passed a pleasant time with the girl until it grew dusk, and Mrs. Sax came in. The good lady was much flustered at his unexpected appearance, but also much gratified. She was aware he must have found her daughter alone with Mr. Herrick, and she made some stumbling excuses.

"I am sure I can only have just left the room before you came, Mr. Stoddart, and I must have dropped to sleep on the couch; this heat is so very trying. It is truly a pleasure to see you again, quite like old times. My Georgy and I have missed you so much. We often talked of you; I may say my child is really faithful to her friends, for I believe you are good enough to allow us to call you our friend? My dearest girl, pray induce Mr. Stoddart to stay and have a cup of tea with us?"

When Stoddart went home it was with the happy conviction that Georgy Sax was not indifferent to him. The pensive look in her dark eyes and her unaccustomed silence seemed to receive the most satisfactory solution in her mother's wretched smiles and half-veiled innuendoes. He thought matters were approaching a crisis, the girl looked tired and anxious, and he too felt it was time to have things settled. If he could only devise some delicate plan for suggesting to Mrs. Sax to take her daughter to Worthing or Folkestone, where he could join them!

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